The Papists politicke projects discovered.

Or a Dialogue betwixt *Crucifix* and *Holy-water*.

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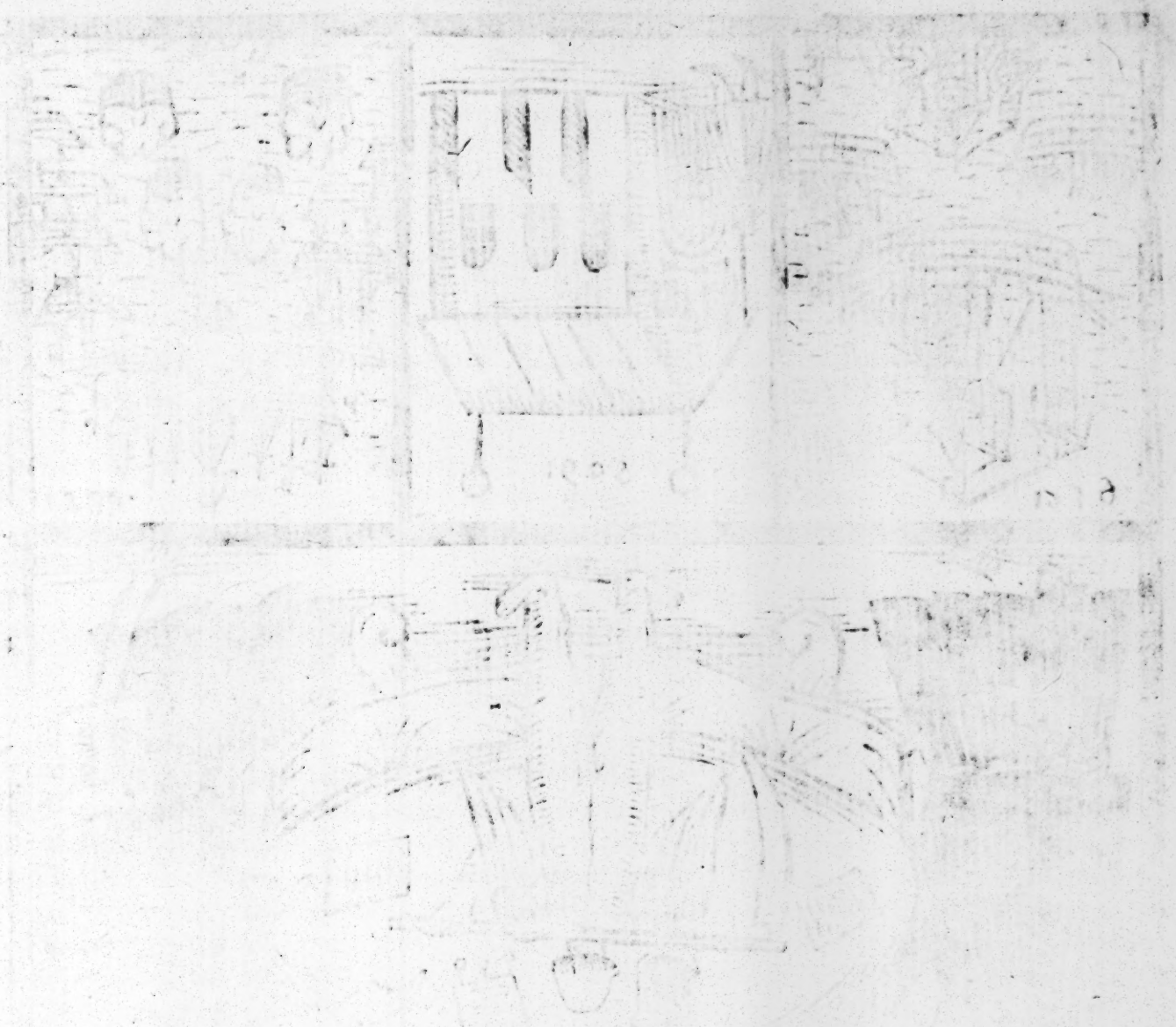

A Dialogue betweene *Crucifix* and *Holy-water*.

Holy-water.

MAster *Crucifix*, me thinkes your lookes ſomething ſavor of Lent ſtill, your chops are falne; the pure red once raigning in your cheekes, is now converted into pale or ſwarthy, what is it my deare adorer of Saints that has bred this alteration in you?

Crucif. Brother *Holy-water* though your ſpeech has a pleaſing accent, yet your aſpect is not ſo cheerfull as heretofore: you have been at confeſſion lately, have you not? and there for ſome hainous ſinne you are enjoyned pennance to faſt three daies in a weeke, to forbeare fleſh, eſpecially Mutton, Anchonies, Eringoes and Caviarres, and ſuch meat of concupiſcence you muſt not be acquainted withall, or you muſt not coire with your Concubine, or what is it that diſtempers you?

Holy. Thoſe you pronounc'd I muſt confeſſe were ſufficient to make me ourgoe my reaſon, but they are trifles to it, that which has begot this new phiſiognomy in me, tis the Parliament.

Cruc. Ha! the Parliament? that word's more terrible to me then the Popes Bul, Bels rung the wrong way breed not ſuch horror in the hearers hearts as the ſound of that word has quaking in my breaſt; nay, then I ſee all our actions as darke as hell, will

be brought to light, our cunning devices to deceive the ſimple, will not onely be eſpied but rewarded.

Holyw. Wee cannot now tell our credulous hearers of our ſtrict orders, how religious men we be, of the Society of Ieſus, Benedictins, Franciſcans, Auguſtinians, Bernardines, Antonians, Ioannites, Carthuſians, Premonſtratentians, Ciſtertianes, and the like; which they underſtand as well as we, our diſtinct habits and cuſtomes differing one from another, how we profeſſe perpetuall chaſtity, obedience, and wilfull poverty.

Cruc. Nor doe you tell them how the Popes holineſſe can diſpenſe with any thing, how their penury is turned into plenty, how their chaſtity becomes charity for the relieving collapſed Ladies wants.

Holyw. No, nor diſcourſe of the wardrope of habiliments that our Maſſe Prieſt beares about him, as the Amice, the long Albe, the Girdle, the Stole, the Maniple, the Caſtula, the Napkin, or Sudary, the Sandals, the Purple Coat with wide Sleeves, the Gloves, the Ring, the Pall or Cope, the Croſiers Staffe, and many more; the very names whereof are ſufficient to ſeduce the ſimple.

Cruc. And how they muſt pray in Latine although they cannot underſtand it, but muſt truſt to the Prieſts honeſty for that, and ſay Amen to it, though for ought they know they have prayed for their owne damnation; and that to many of the Prieſts it may be Greek or Hebrew for ought they know too.

Holyw. And perſwade them that if any but heare Maſſe, and after hearing be ſprinckled with holy-water, and kiſſe the Prieſts Garments, he cannot commit that day any mortall ſinne, although hee would

would, and that drunkennesse, lying, cursing, breach of the Sabboth, swearing, and (upon a good occasion) forswearing, are not onely veniall, but also sometimes very necessary.

Cruc. And how zealous and precise they are, for if there be twenty Priests in a house, they must all say Masse before noone, though there bee no body by, though they sacrifice to the walls: they must have their beads to pray by number too, or else their prayers want weight. A hundred and fifty Pater Nosters, and as many Ave Maries, and forty Creeds, are nothing, and if one of the right number be amisse, all the rest are effectlesse, nay it is a mortall sinne if among so many prayers for pennance one onely be omitted.

Holyw. And then in their processions, pray to the dead, invoke the Saints and Angels, adore the consecrated host, administer the Sacrament under one kind, sprinckle Holy-water, tinkle a bell at the elevation, kisse the ground where the Priest hath stood, worship reliques, repeat the name of Iesus nine times together, crosse the forehead, mouth and breast many times, wet their fingers in the holy pot before they goe towards the Altar, kneele downe to every Priest they meete, amble thrice about a crosse, and many more (to speake truely superstitious) worships; these and the like being spoken plausibly to the multitudes itching eares, would have drawne their hearts as a loadstone does iron.

Cruc. If that would not move them, we would then acquaint them with the delights that Priests enjoyed, as how many a poore Gentleman that cannot rule his wife is faine or rather forced to weare their marke *in Capite*, and they must have *in Marsupio* though the other bee *in Carcere*; they feed of the best meates, best wine, best beere, and best of every thing that can bee got, they

ſhrive young and hanſome wenches, and when the fleſh rebells againſt the ſpirit, they perſwade them it is a veniall ſin to be broken up by a holy Prieſt, and ſometimes they will injoyne it them for pennance.

Holyw. And to others wee would maintaine that the teares of Prieſts were very precious and powerfull, as to waſh away and drowne Divells, nay there is power in a Prieſts breath, his gloves, his hoſe, his girdle, his ſhirts to ſcorch the Divell, in his Albe, his Amice, his Maniple and his ſtole to whip and plague the Divell, in Holywater, hallowed Candles, Frankinſence, Brimſtone, the booke of Exorciſmes, and the holy potion to ſcald, broile, and to ſizle the Divell, in the Croſſe and ſacrifice of the Altar to torment the Divell till he roares at ſtake like a Bull: I cannot but laugh to thinke how the credulous fooles would bee tickled with the delight of theſe fine fictions.

Cruc. By holy *Mary* to ſpeake truely, the breath of many Prieſts might have power enough to dee theſe feats, for the breath of thoſe that *anhelitu oris enecant homines*, or of *Leno* that had almoſt blowne downe a young gallant that ſtood in his way, or of the Stygian Lake, over which if a bird flye, with the peſtiferous ſmell thereof ſhe is quite ſuffocated and falls down dead, are not neere ſo p ſtilentious as the breath of many Prieſts, eſpecially thoſe whoſe lungs are a little ulcerated, or Frenchified with *morbo gallico*, as you know there are not few of them.

Holyw. If the Prieſts breath were not very ſoveraigne, to what purpoſe ſhould they ſpit and breath in the mouth of a young child in its baptiſme? Why, I have heard and reported too, that one being poſſeſſed with a Divell, and a Prieſt ſtanding before the poſſeſſ'd, the Divell durſt not come out at the poſſeſſeds mouth becauſe

cauſe of the Prieſts ſtrong breath, which to avoid hee came out at his eare.

Cruc. But theres more vertue in a Prieſts gloves, hoſe and ſhirt, for one being poſſeſſed with a Divell, put but one of the Prieſts gloves on his hand, and the Divell run as if the Divell had beene in him. Another had a Divell in his legge, upon which he put one of the Prieſts ſtockings, and the Divell cryed out for help, I wonder it did not rot the parties leg off. But the Prieſts poore Landreſſe was ſerved a foule tricke, for the Divell came ſneaking behind her and gave her a trip like a Wreſtler in Finsbury fields, and pitcht the poore Landreſſe on her hip, the reaſon was becauſe ſhe was waſhing one of the Prieſts Exorciſt ſhirts, which afterwards whipped this Divell out of one that was poſſeſſed.

Holyw. I marry, Sir, thoſe were fine ſtories indeed, but would any believe them?

Cruc. Beleeve them? yes, and turne Roman Catholickes too, I have made many a puppy goe in proceſſion to Tiburne in penitentiall manner, and being naked from the girdle upwards to ſcourge themſelves with whips till the blood guſht out like Rivers.

Holyw. And why to Tiburne?

Cruc. In a double ſenſe: Firſt, becauſe many holy and religious forſooth Catholickes had beene martyred there, where they muſt pray for their departed ſoules. The ſecond was becauſe (in truth if they had had their merit) they ought not to have gone on foot, but have taken ſhipping in Maſter *Carnifex* his two wheel'd Chariot, and in ſtate have ſail'd up that amarous hill till they had approached the place aforeſaid, where after *Miſerere mei* ſung, and a Bead dropt *Exeant regnum.* O what glory I have taken in theſe and the like prankes, I thinke in my conſcience none of the

inferior

inferior Divels was so jocund, when he had done *Lucifer* good service, as I have beene when I have converted or rather destroyed a soule.

Holyw. And you shalbe rewarded as they are; this Parliament will firke you, and as plainely perceive your roguery as you have here declared it.

Cruc. Why? you are in the same predicament, what shall we doe?

Holyw. Dost thou not thinke if we had the Priests foresaid strong breath and wonder-working habit, that it would preserve us, especially if it were soundly crossed and sprinkled with holy-water?

Cruc. I prey thee jest no more, but let's seeke some course to preserve our lives, if we be taken we shall smell extreamely, *Conscientia mille testes.*

Holyw. I know no other refuge but Rome, whither we must flye, and therefore let us fall to our *Salve Regina*, *Ave Maria*, and *Ora pro nobis*; and if we can practice such jugling in another place weel about it, if not, I liye till we dye, and theres an end. Come lets goe.

FINIS.